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#### Credits

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**Key To Strands:** Front Cover-FC, Super Scary  
Story-SSS, Our Haunted World-OHW, Strange But  
True-SBT, Puzzles-PUZ, Classic Serial-CS, The  
Unexplained-TU.

**Photographs:** Agence France Presse OHW2(c);  
EagleMoss Publications (John Suet) BC(t); Bridgeman  
Art Library (Private Collection) SBT2(t); Mary Evans  
Picture Library Ltd TU1(c), (M Imbeault) TU1(bl);  
Robert Harding Picture Library Ltd (Adam Woolfitt)  
SBT1(t); Image Select (Ann Ronan) SBT2(br); Images  
Colour Library (Wendelle Stevens Archive/Charles  
Walker) TU1(bc); Mick Sharp SBT1(cr); Trip (C  
Wormald) SBT1(br).

**Illustrations:** G Coppola (Virgil Pomfret Agency) CS1-  
4(sp); Lee Gibbons TU1(t); John Higgins OHW2(tr, br);  
Kev Hopgood OHW3-4(sp); Paul Johnson FRONT  
COVER(b), OHW1(b), SBT1-2(sp); David Millgate  
FRONT COVER(t); Jerry Paris PUZ1-3(sp); Will  
Simpson SSS1-7(sp); Wildlife Art Agency (Robin  
Carter) CS1(t); David Wyatt (Sarah Brown Agency)  
OHW1(c), Pop-up.

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issue, we would be pleased to hear from any that we  
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Editorial and distribution offices  
EagleMoss Publications Ltd,  
7 Cromwell Road, London SW7 2HR  
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Printed by: CSM Impact, England  
Colour origination by: Colourscan, Singapore

**FREE IN  
ISSUE 16**  
**Spooky  
Pop Up**



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SPINECHILLER  
Collection**

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**OUR HAUNTED WORLD**  
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Stitched Up!

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# THE WITCH



Jim Owens angrily tore the No Trespassing sign off  
the fence and hid it behind a bush. Crabby old Mrs  
Crandall had finally carried out her threat to put up  
a sign. Too bad that she owned the entire four acres  
at the end of the cul-de-sac where Jim lived. Crossing  
her property was the only way to get to the park on the other  
side without going all round the houses.

How can she even see me? Jim wondered as he climbed the  
fence and made his way along a dirt path. The whole place was  
overgrown with weird plants and cluttered with junk. It seemed  
impossible to him that anyone could actually see someone  
crossing through it.

Almost there, Jim thought, pushing an overgrown vine out of  
the way. Mrs Crandall is just being mean, he reassured himself.  
It's not as if I'm hurting anything. As he walked on defiantly,  
Jim didn't notice that his feet were squashing one delicate plant  
after another.

The next day, the No Trespassing sign was hanging on the  
fence again. This time, Mrs Crandall had added, 'This means  
you, Jim Owens!'

That old crab, Jim thought. He tried to pull down the sign,  
but too many nails now held it in place. Jim was angry. He  
walked twenty metres further than usual before climbing over  
the fence. He then took a different route which cut  
right through the thickest tangle  
of plants and trees.





To Jim, the plants he trod on along the new route looked like weeds. But any gardener could have told him that they were all edible wild plants that sold for a fortune in health food shops.

"Look what you're doing, you horrible boy!" Mrs Crandall shrieked. The scraggly old woman appeared from nowhere and grabbed Jim by the wrist. "You're trampling my plants!" Terrified, Jim twisted and tugged, trying to get away.

"Oh no you don't," Mrs Crandall threatened, tightening her grip. "We're going to see what your parents have to say about this!"

Jim was now really scared. His parents had warned him that if they received more complaints from Mrs Crandall he'd be grounded for a month.

"No, please!" Jim pleaded as Mrs Crandall dragged him towards his house. "I'll never do it again I promise."



"What good is a promise from a child like you?" Mrs Crandall snorted. Jim's chunky watch was making it difficult for Mrs Crandall to keep a tight hold. Giving one mighty yank, he managed to pull free and get out of Mrs Crandall's reach, leaving her holding the watch by its broken strap.

"You'd better give my watch back," Jim snarled. "If you don't, I'll tell my parents that you stole it."

Mrs Crandall looked at the watch thoughtfully.

"It cost a lot of money," Jim continued. "It's a sports watch and I saved up for a whole year to buy it."

"Well, it took me a whole year to grow the plants you killed," Mrs Crandall replied. "I think I ought to keep the watch in payment, don't you?"

Jim was astonished. How could her stupid plants be as valuable as his watch? "My parents told me that you're crazy!" he shouted. "And it's true! You're crazy, crazy, crazy! I wish you'd die, along with your stupid old plants, you crazy old witch!"

"What did you call me?" Mrs Crandall asked.

"A witch! I've seen you cooking your old weeds in that pot behind your house. I've seen the weird things you do." Jim stood there glaring defiantly at the old woman, who frowned and fixed the boy with an icy look.

"You're a very rude and undisciplined child. If I were you, I'd go home now before I..." She finished the sentence

not with words but with a shake of her fist.

The last place on earth that Jim now wanted to be was on Mrs Crandall's property. Whirling round, he started running back home. Mrs Crandall shouted after him, "Tell your parents I'll be round after dinner!"



All through his evening meal, Jim wondered if Mrs Crandall would arrive. Then, just as his mother was clearing away the plates, the doorbell rang.

"Who do you suppose that can be, at this hour?" she said.

"I'll go and see," his father offered.

Please-don't-let-it-be-Mrs Crandall. Please-don't-let-it-be-Mrs Crandall, Jim chanted in his mind. The stern look his dad gave him when he returned with Mrs Crandall, told Jim he was in deep trouble. The old woman was carrying a box filled with the plants Jim had trampled.

"Are you responsible for this?" Jim's father asked, pointing to the squashed and bedraggled plants.

Jim tried to play dumb. "What are they?" he asked.

"The plants you killed when you cut through Mrs Crandall's garden today," his father replied, irritation dripping from his voice.

Jim put on his most innocent expression. "I haven't been anywhere

near Mrs Crandall's garden," he lied. "It must have been someone else."

"I saw you myself," Mrs Crandall insisted.

Jim turned his most winning look on his father. "Really, Dad, it wasn't me."

Mrs Crandall pulled Jim's watch out of her pocket. "Are you saying this isn't your watch?"

"I've never seen it before," Jim said quickly. "It looks a bit like mine, but that's not it."

Mrs Crandall eyed Jim coldly. "I wouldn't lie if I were you."

Jim turned a pleading look on his father. "She's the one who's lying, Dad, not me."



Mrs Crandall stiffened as if she'd just been hit in the stomach. Turning to Jim's parents, she hissed "No one has ever called me a liar. No one."

"From now on, keep your son off my property, or you'll all be sorry." Scarlet with fury, the old woman stormed out.

Amazed by the extent of Mrs Crandall's rage, Jim's mother picked a withered plant sprig from the box Mrs Crandall had left behind and sighed, "Surely these plants aren't worth all this fuss." But then, looking closer, she frowned. "This plant is belladonna, I'm sure of it. Isn't it poisonous?"

Jim saw his chance to get back at Mrs Crandall. "Probably. She grows loads of weird stuff in her garden. I bet most of it's poisonous." And then, just for good measure, he added dramatically, "I've



seen piles of dead rats all over her land."

"Dead rats?" his parents spluttered.

"Yeah," Jim replied, "and there's stacks of other junk piled up. Who knows what's living in there?"

"This sounds like something the health department should look into," Jim's mother declared.

The next afternoon, a health department vehicle was parked in Mrs Crandall's driveway. Jim stood on the street and grinned with satisfaction to see a uniformed man systematically walk round all of Mrs Crandall's property, writing down every single health violation. Mrs Crandall followed him, gesturing angrily with each scratch of his pen. Finally, when she walked the man to the gate, she noticed Jim standing across the street watching them. The look of hatred that the old woman gave Jim chilled him to the bone.



**T**he next three weeks were a nightmare for Jim. "But I didn't mean to do it," Jim wailed as his mother crouched on the floor, picking up the pieces of her favourite china ornament.

"Jim, how can you say that?" his mother scolded. "I saw you deliberately throw it down the stairs! This is the third incident this week. I honestly don't know what's come over you."

"I'm sorry. I'm really, really sorry," Jim mumbled, tears rolling down his cheeks. "I can't seem to stop myself. Do you think I'm going crazy?"

Hearing the anguish in her son's voice, Mrs Owens set aside the pieces of the ornament and gave Jim a hug.



"No, you're not going crazy," she reassured him. "But maybe seeing a doctor wouldn't be a bad idea." Cupping Jim's chin in her hand, she studied her son's tear-stained face. "How about it? Before things get worse?"

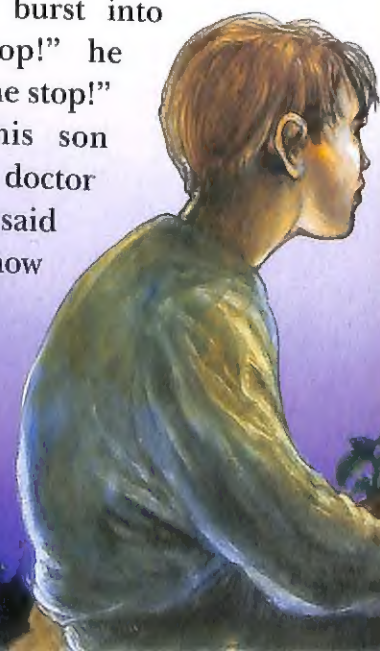
"OK," Jim agreed miserably, thinking, how could things get any worse?

That afternoon, he found out – when his father grabbed the paintbrush from his hand and shouted, "What do you think you're doing, wretched boy?"

Jim stared at the garage wall in disbelief. The entire surface was covered with his signature scrawled in huge, paint-brushed letters. "Dad, what's happening to me?" he cried, then burst into tears. "Make me stop!" he wailed. "Please make me stop!"

Mr Owens held his son close. "I'm sure the doctor can help, old son," he said reassuringly. "He'll know what we should do."

Jim nodded, but deep down, he knew



this wasn't something a doctor could cure.

The doctor ran a series of tests on Jim, then sent him back home with his parents to wait for the results. To cheer Jim up, his parents invited his cousin, Chris, to come for a visit.

It was Chris who accidentally helped Jim discover what was wrong. Jim was pouring bubble bath into his father's fish pond when Chris ran out of the house and stopped him.

"Jim, stop it!" he shouted. "You'll kill all the fish!" He grabbed the bottle of bubble bath out of Jim's hands and shook his cousin by the shoulders. "Snap out of it, Jim!" he said.

"Snap out of it?" Jim repeated in a daze.

"Yeah," Chris replied. "It's like you're in a trance or something."

Suddenly, Jim had his answer. "That's it, Chris! That's why I've been doing these crazy things. Our neighbour's a witch. She got furious with me and she's probably put a spell on me."

"Don't be daft," his cousin scoffed. "There's no such things as witches."

Jim shook his head. "You haven't met Mrs Crandall."

Jim's friend, Pete, knew everything about witches. "It must be the watch," he said to Jim, nodding, after he'd heard Jim's story. "I don't know exactly what kind of spell she used or anything, but I know a witch has to have something that belongs to the person they want

to control."

"So how do I break the spell?" Jim wanted to know.

"Can you get your watch back?" Pete asked.

Jim didn't see how he could.

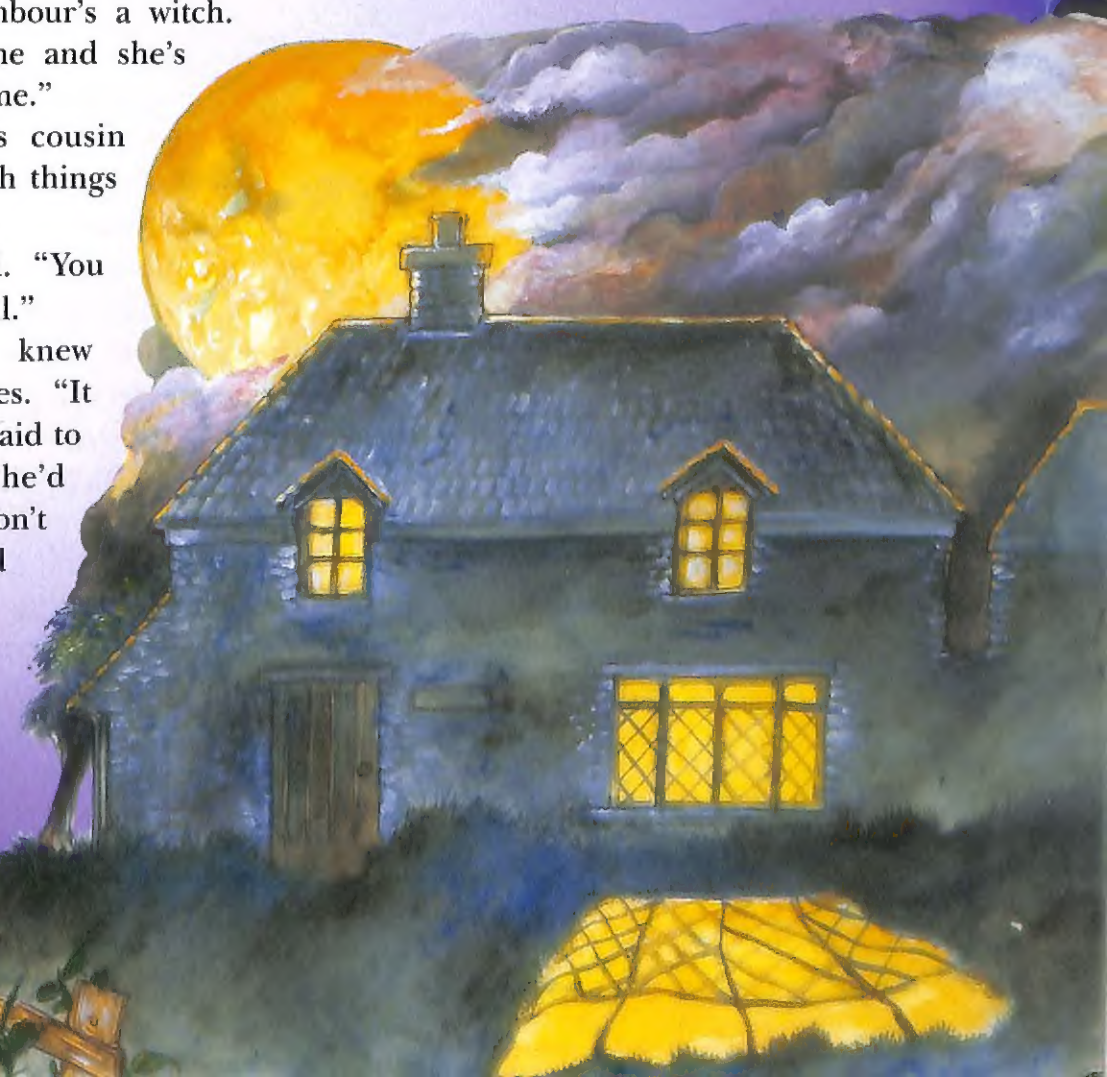
"Then you'll have to kill the witch," Pete declared.

Jim was shocked. "But I can't kill Mrs Crandall!"

"Yeah, I s'pose you can't," Pete agreed. "Then you'll have to get your watch back somehow."

Jim decided to try and get his watch that evening. After his test results arrived next morning, who knew what would happen. He knew Mrs Crandall always went shopping on Thursday evening. So it had to be tonight.

Jim watched until he saw Mrs Crandall leave her house. Then he slipped quietly

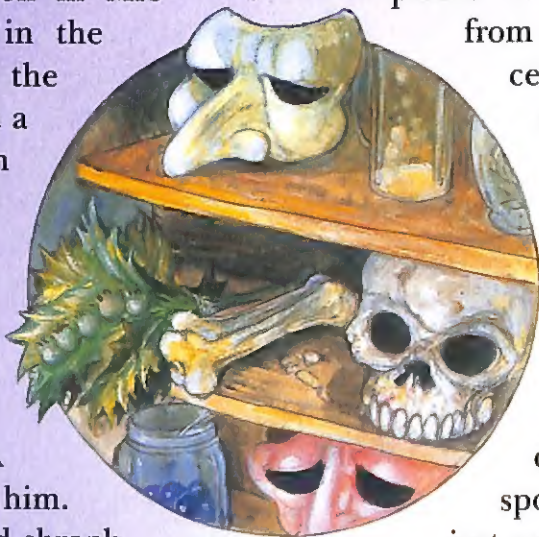




from his house into the shadows.

As he crept through the snarl of vegetation on Mrs Crandall's property, he wished that Pete had come along. The moonlit shadows of the overgrown plants gave the whole place a deeply spooky look. His heart pounding, Jim almost turned back several times, but each time, he reminded himself that, above all else, he had to get his watch.

The only light left on in Mrs Crandall's house was in the kitchen. Jim circled the house, then noticed that a heavy door at the bottom of an outside stairwell was slightly ajar. A faint light seeped out from inside. It must be a basement, Jim thought. He stepped on to the first step. A twig snapped behind him. Startled, Jim gasped and shrank back. An instant later, a cat skittered past. Relieved, Jim hurried down the steps and slipped through the door.



**T**he earthy smell inside the basement was almost overwhelming. The entire floor was covered with fungi – more varieties of mushroom than Jim had known existed. Special grow-lights turned everything a ghoulish, yellow-green. A board walkway through the mushrooms led to a flight of wooden steps into the crabby old

woman's house. Jim climbed the stairs to the main part of the house. He paused a moment before turning the doorknob. The door opened without a sound.

The first thing Jim saw as he stepped into the kitchen was a roaring fire in an old wood stove. Something foul-smelling was boiling in a kettle on the front burner. Jim held his nose and tiptoed into the room. Strange dried plants and bits and pieces of who knows what hung from lines criss-crossing the ceiling. Bowls of weird, messy stuff dotted the counters. But there was no sign of his watch.

Jim crept over to another door and pushed it open. The light from the kitchen spilled in, filling the dark adjoining room with spooky shadows. Jim could just make out shelves filled with evil-looking masks and bunches of dried plants. Filled with horror, Jim flicked on his torch and forced himself to go in.

Jim broke out in goosepimples as soon as the kitchen door was closed, for the only light in the room was now his tiny flashlight beam. As he shone it over the shelves, he could see skulls and bones lying among the masks and dried plants. She really is a witch, Jim thought, with a shiver.

"Agh," Jim gasped as the flashlight revealed new horrors. Hanging by their necks from wires in front of him were faceless dolls of all sizes and types. In the

torchlight, their pale bodies cast scary shadows on to the wall. These were bad enough, but what chilled Jim down to the bone was a special doll – a doll that did have a face – a face just like his own! Jim froze when he saw it. The doll was hanging with the others, but slightly apart from them. The likeness was so perfect it was scary... and round its neck was what Jim was searching for.

"My watch!" Jim exclaimed. Nervously, he picked up the doll and tried to unfasten the watch. He yanked and pulled but the watch would not come off the doll. He yanked again, harder. Suddenly, the door opened behind him and light from the kitchen flooded into the room.

"Jim Owens!" a voice thundered.

Terrified, Jim whirled round. Mrs Crandall was hurrying towards him. She made a grab for Jim, but he dodged out of her reach. Holding the doll close, he ran into the kitchen.

"Stop! Stop!" Mrs Crandall shouted, hurrying after him. Jim raced for the basement door and tried to pull it open, but the latch was stuck. Mrs Crandall grabbed the back of his jacket and held on tight. "Give me the doll!" she demanded. "Give it to me, at once!"

Jim squirmed and wriggled, trying to free himself. It was no use. "Here, take the stupid doll," he cried and threw it up into the air.

"No!" Mrs Crandall gasped. As she let go of Jim and rushed to catch the doll, Jim grabbed the basement doorknob. This time it turned. Behind Jim, Mrs Crandall cried out as the doll fell, feet first, into the boiling pot. Jim's replica sizzled as it began to melt.

When Jim tried to run down the stairs, somehow, he couldn't. Something funny was happening to his feet. Looking down, he saw little puddles forming at the end of his legs. Then his legs started to liquefy. I'm melting just like that doll, he thought wonderingly. Then, as the doll's body and head were melting, Jim discovered that he couldn't think another thought...

THE END





## OUR HAUNTED WORLD

Japan is a mysterious place where dolls can come alive, mice glow green and men become mummies...

### TUNNEL SPOOKS TAXIS

If there's one place where Tokyo's taxi drivers hate having to go, it's the Shirogane Tunnel. Agonised faces regularly appear on the pillars of the tunnel, terrifying drivers and passengers alike. These scary phantom faces have caused many accidents and now seem to be appearing more frequently. Drivers believe that Shinigami – the Japanese version of the Grim Reaper, or Death – lies in wait for them in the Shirogane Tunnel.

### OKIKU'S DOLL

When a three-year-old girl called Okiku died in 1919, her brother Suzuki was heartbroken. He kept his sister's ashes in a box, along with her treasured china doll. In 1938, he left the box at the village temple of Monji-Saiwai Cho on Hokkaido, Northern Japan, for safekeeping.

Suzuki returned for the box in 1947. When it was opened, he was amazed to see that the doll's short hair had grown down to its shoulders!

Experts say that the hair – which is still growing – is the hair of a human child. The doll is now displayed in the temple, where many pilgrims come to see it. They believe that the spirit of young Okiku somehow lives on within her favourite doll.

### Glowing Green Mice

No, the photo on the left is not the first snap of alien rodents – it's something even weirder! Japanese scientists have succeeded in injecting fertilised mouse eggs with cells from luminous jellyfish. These baby mice, which are otherwise quite normal, glow an eerie, bright green when exposed to ultraviolet light. Scientists say that the luminous jellyfish material could, in the future, be used to track cancer cells in human bodies.

### JAPANESE LIVING MUMMIES

In a sacred mountain area of Gassan, there is a group of monks called yamabushi. Their harsh regime includes sleeping in snow and standing under icy waterfalls. In the past, some of them became living mummies. By eating and drinking very little, their bodies shrank and dried out. When a monk was about to die, he would retreat into a tiny, underground chamber. Here he would sit, chant, and ring his bell until he died.

► An artist's impression of the remains of the monk Tetsumonkai who ate and drank so little that his body dried out and he became a living mummy.





# THE CANDIDATE

Sam, a friend of a friend, was an out-of-work computer games designer living in Tokyo.



**1** He scoured the 'Situations Vacant' section of the newspaper until he saw the perfect job. He sent off an application form and was over the moon when he was invited for an interview.



**2** Sam had a haircut, got his suit drycleaned, then tried out every new computer game to be found in Tokyo's many arcades.



**3** The nervous candidates, all asked to be there at the same time, sat outside the interview room. They looked at each other, trying to work out their chances of getting the job.

**4** The interview room was huge, with a long table at which the serious-looking interviewers sat. On the other side of the table stood one lonely chair.



**5** At last Sam was called in. Almost paralysed with nerves, he stammered his name. He forgot all his prepared answers and looked blank as the interview panel fired questions at him.

**6** When the interview was over, he croaked his thanks to his tormentors and turned to leave the room. Hesitating for a moment, he marched to the door, opened it, then closed it behind him.



**7** The interviewers looked at each other - then asked for the next candidate to be sent in. After the last candidate had been seen, the interviewers left the room.



**8** When the cleaner came to the cupboard later that day, she found the young man, still shaking, sitting on the vacuum cleaner! He'd gone through the wrong door and had been too terrified to come out!



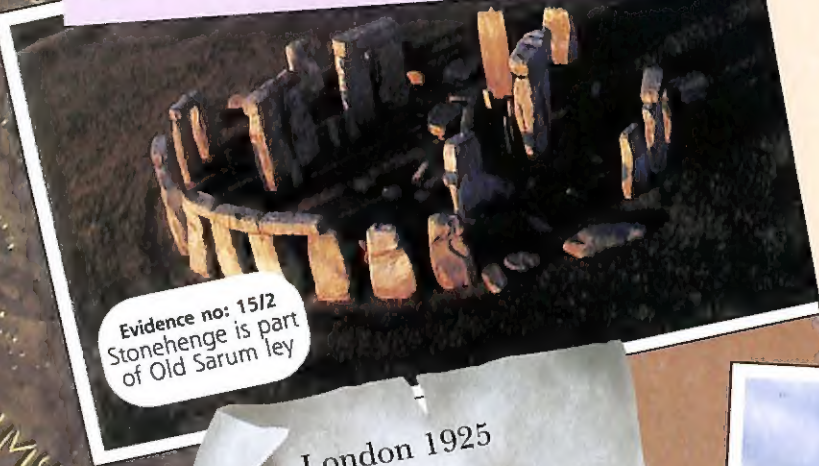
# LEY LINES

STRANGE BUT TRUE

**Special Investigation File: 15**

**Subject: to investigate the existence of ley lines and the reasons why they may have been constructed**

SpineChiller creates a file

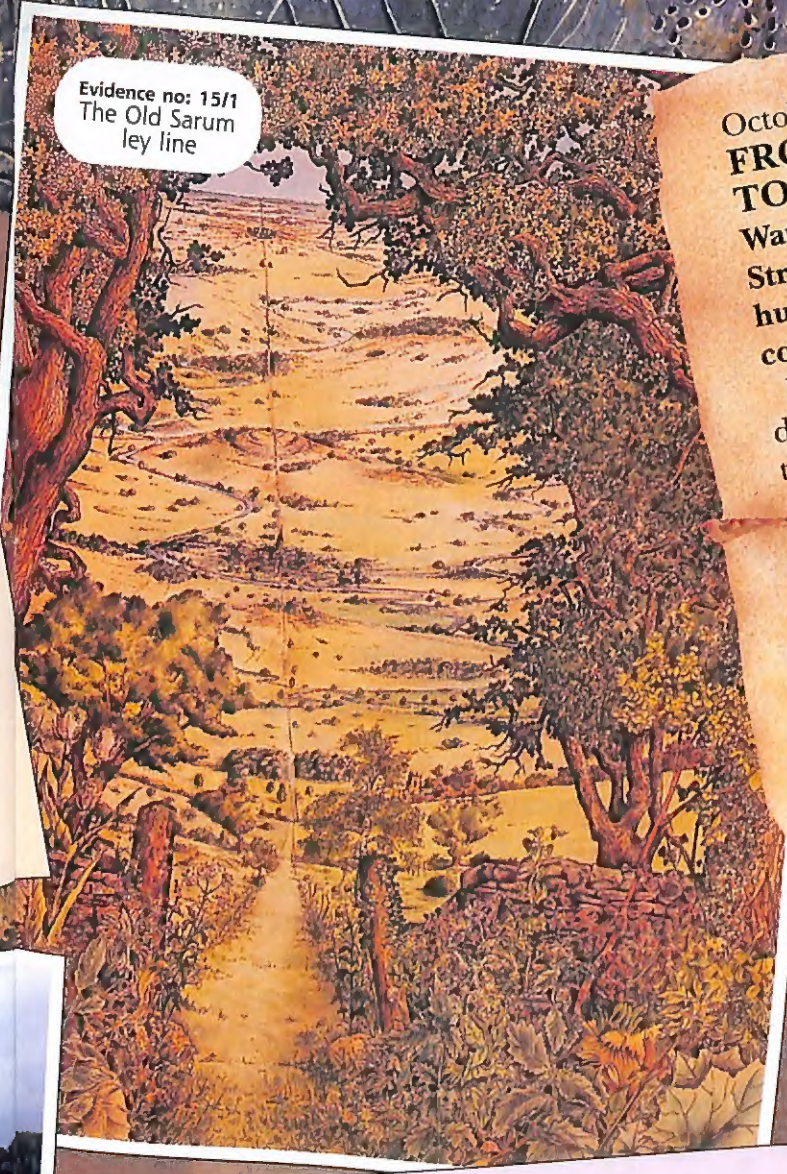


Evidence no: 15/2  
Stonehenge is part of Old Sarum ley

## BACKGROUND

In 1921, 65-year-old Alfred Watkins was out riding close to his home in Hereford in the west of England. He knew the countryside well, but on this day in June he suddenly saw it in a different way. He realized that many of the ancient sites could be linked by a straight line — and he rushed home to test his theory by drawing lines on a map.

The type of monuments he linked were ancient burial mounds, early Christian churches, simple stone markers and standing stones and stone circles, such as Stonehenge. He called these linking lines ley lines because many of the places on these lines have names ending in ley or lea — meaning open countryside.



Evidence no: 15/1  
The Old Sarum ley line

October 1990  
**FROM TRACKS TO ENERGY POINTS**  
Watkins' book 'The Old Straight Track' sparked a ley hunting craze that has continued to this day.

Dowsers in Britain have discovered that their divining tools will react near to ancient standing stones. This could be a reaction to natural phenomena such as geological fault lines, magnetic fields, even natural radiation. Or it could be that prehistoric people erected standing stones to mark the source of mysterious earth energies that we are unaware of today.

There has even been a connection made between the ley lines of Europe and the dragon paths of China. The Chinese believe that these paths carry special energy across the Earth in the same way as the paths used in acupuncture carry energy around the human body. The Emperor's throne in the Forbidden City in Beijing was positioned to benefit from these earth currents.

Unexplained

London 1925

## LEY LINE OUTRAGE

Archaeologists are up in arms following the publication of 'The Old Straight Track' by Mr Alfred Watkins, in which he claims that Stone Age people had the intelligence and ability to mark out straight tracks all over Britain.

"This is preposterous," an eminent archaeologist told this reporter. "These people were prehistoric barbarians, quite incapable of mapping straight lines." Mr Watkins believes that the skills involved in marking the tracks were kept secret, and led people to link magic, superstition and religion with the lines. People wanted to be buried at the marking stones and later churches were built at these sites.



Evidence no: 15/3  
A Norman church and monolith in Rudstone, England

## October 1997 Ley line truth or fiction?

It is a fact that there is a network of straight lines connecting ancient sites in Britain — and other parts of the world. But why these monuments were placed in straight lines, or how prehistoric people managed to map these lines, is still unknown.

And whether the Earth sends out a strange supernatural energy along these lines is even harder to discover.

An organization called the Dragon Project investigates Earth

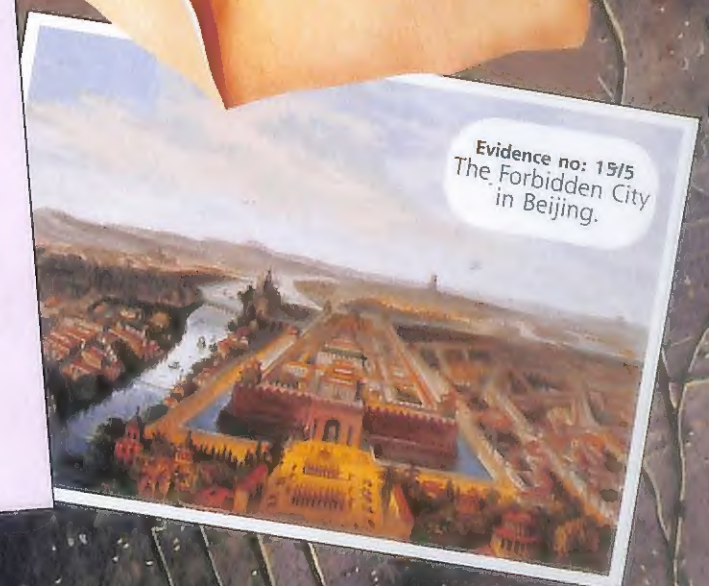
mysteries like ley lines. Members work with archaeologists and geologists as well as dowsers and psychics — people who claim to have special powers beyond the five physical senses.

They use modern technology to record energy patterns as well as looking at supernatural explanations.

However, despite extensive research, there are many questions about ley lines still to be answered.



Evidence no: 15/4  
Lanyon Quoit is part of a West Penwith ley line



Evidence no: 15/5  
The Forbidden City in Beijing

TUMULUS  
STONEHENGE  
OLD SARUM  
FALLSBURY  
KATHEDRAL  
LEARDUR  
RING  
FRANKENBURG



CLASSIC



SERIAL

Chapter 1

# The Real & The Counterfeit

Retold from the story by Mrs. Alfred Baldwin

Will Musgrave had almost forgotten what Christmas in England was like, as he had spent it with his parents at their winter home in the South of France so often. This year, however, he resolved to pass much of the festive season at Stonecroft, the family home in Northumberland. He made his excuses to his parents and invited two of his college

friends, Hugh Armitage and Horace Lawley, to join him.

Will spent Christmas and Boxing Day with the Armitages at their Yorkshire home. The following day, he and Armitage motored north, picking up Lawley on the way. They arrived at Stonecroft that night, in high spirits and with keen appetites. The Musgrave home was a delightful refuge at the end of a long journey. The wide, hospitable front door opened into a brightly lit, oak-panelled hall, where a great fire burned cheerily. "Barker, I hope supper's ready and that it is something hot and plentiful. For we've travelled on empty stomachs through devilish cold and snow," said Will, before leading his guests up to their rooms.

"What a jolly gallery!" cried Lawley, as they entered a long, wide corridor, with many doors leading from it.

"It's the main thoroughfare," said Will, without slowing his pace. "It runs the length of the house, from the modern end to the back, which once formed the foundations of a Cistercian monastery."

The three men continued along the corridor, with Lawley and Armitage examining numerous portraits of long-departed Musgraves. Nearing the far end, Will spoke again. "I've had Barker prepare rooms for you opposite my own, so that we are close together."

The following morning, the friends arose to a white world. For as far as the eye could see, the ground was covered in a thick blanket of fine snow that was as dry as salt. The sky overhead was a leaden lid, showing all the signs of a deep fall yet to come.

"How very cheerful," said Lawley, as he stood, looking out of the window after breakfast. "But the snow will have spoilt the ice for skating."

"It's perfect for tobogganing, though," said Armitage. "If we can find the right slope."

"Well thought of, Armitage," said Musgrave, jumping at the idea.

"We'll also need something to slide on," added Lawley.

"That's easily found," said Armitage. "Empty wine cases are just what we need."

After breakfast, Will, Lawley and Armitage rushed out into the open air to search for a suitable tobogganing slope.

"If the snow keeps firm, we'll walk over to see the Harradines at Garthside and ask the girls to come out sledging," said Will.

After a long and careful search, the three men found an ideal piece of land. For four hours, they worked with pickaxe and spade to make a toboggan slide.

"If we can get this bit of engineering done today," said Lawley, chucking a spadeful of earth aside, "the slide will be in perfect order for tomorrow."

When their task was finished, the friends bathed and changed their clothes, then walked through thick falling snow to Garthside for tea with their neighbours the Harradines. They returned to Stonecroft only after the Harradine girls and their brothers had agreed to join them for tobogganing the next day.



Late that night, the three friends sat chatting together in the library. They had played billiards until they were tired, and Lawley had sung sentimental songs, accompanying himself on the banjo. Then they lapsed into silence. Armitage, leaning his head back in his armchair, was the first to speak once more.

"Musgrave," he said suddenly, "an old house is not complete unless it's haunted. You ought to have a ghost here at Stonecroft."

Will suddenly piped up, "So we have, my dear fellow. Only it has not been seen by any of us since my grandfather's time. It is my life's ambition to meet our family ghost."

Armitage laughed. But Lawley said, "You would not say that if you really believed in ghosts."

"I believe in them most devoutly," Musgrave said, "but I want to have my faith confirmed by sight. You believe in them too, I can see."

"I neither believe nor disbelieve in ghosts," countered Lawley. "I keep an open mind on the subject."

Will did not reply, but Armitage laughed out loud.

"I'm one against two, I'm afraid. Musgrave believes in ghosts. You're neutral, but open to conviction. I'm a complete unbeliever in the supernatural. People's nerves play tricks on them and that's that. If I were so fortunate as to see Musgrave's

Underlined words are explained in WORD POWER.





family ghost tonight, I still wouldn't believe in it. By the way, Musgrave," he added flip-pantly, "is it a lady or a gentleman ghost?"

"I don't think you deserve to be told," answered Will.

"Don't you know, a ghost is neither 'he' nor 'she'?" said Lawley. "Like a corpse, it is always 'it'."

"That's rather definite information from one who neither believes nor disbelieves in ghosts. How do you come by it?" asked Armitage.

"A man can be well informed on a subject though he reserves judgement about it," replied Lawley. "Musgrave believes in ghosts but has never seen one. You don't believe and say that you would not be convinced even if you did see one. I think I have the only logical mind here. At any rate, time will tell. If ghosts do exist, we shall

each be one in due course. And then, if we've nothing better to do, we may haunt our surviving friends, whether they believe in ghosts or not."

"Then I hope to die before you, Lawley, and become a ghost first," said Armitage. "To scare suits me better than to be scared. But Musgrave, do tell me about your family ghost. And I promise not to laugh."

Well," said Will, turning to look into the fire, "Stonecroft, as I told you, is built on the site of an old Cistercian monastery. In fact, the back part of the house was built with stones that were once part of the monastery. The ghost is that of a Cistercian monk, dressed in the white habit of his order. Who he was or why

## WORD POWER

Cistercian – belonging to a monastic order founded in Cîteaux, France in 1098.

devoutly – deeply; earnestly

habit – official monastic dress, in this case a long white cloak with a hood

incredulous – unbelieving; sceptical

complacently – in a self-satisfied way; smugly

he haunts us, we do not know. He has been seen by members of the Musgrave family, once or twice in each generation, for the last three centuries. But he has not visited us since my grandfather's time. So, like a comet, he should be due again soon."

"How you must regret not having had the good fortune to see it yourself," said Armitage.

"My time will come," replied Will confidently. "I know where to look for the ghost. It has always made its appearance in the gallery. I have my bedroom close to where it was last seen. My hope is that if I open my door suddenly some moonlit night, I may find the monk standing there."

"In the gallery?" asked the incredulous Armitage.

"Midway between your two doors and mine," replied Will. "That is where my grandfather last saw it."

"He was awakened in the dead of night by the sound of a heavy door shutting and ran into the gallery where the noise came from. Standing opposite the door of the room I now occupy was the white figure of the monk."

"It glided the full length of the gallery, then simply melted like mist into the wall. The spot where it disappeared is on the old

foundations of the monastery. It was probably returning to its own quarters."

"And your grandfather believed that he saw a ghost?" asked Armitage.

"How could he doubt it? He saw it as clearly as we see each other now."

Armitage sniggered in disbelief. "Forgive me, but I never can take a ghost story seriously," he said. "Ghosts are a trick of the light, nothing more than shadows cast by candle flames."

"This is the end of the nineteenth century. Electricity has turned night into day. And, by doing so, has destroyed the very conditions that produced ghosts or rather the belief in them. Darkness has always been bad for human nerves. Don't ask me why. That's quite simply the way it is. Ghosts, spectres, apparitions and phantoms are all superstitious rot as far as I'm concerned." And with that, Armitage looked around calmly and complacently.

"Perhaps I might have felt as you do if I had not begun life with the knowledge that our house was haunted," replied Will, with visible pride in the family ghost. "I only wish I were telling the story from personal experience."

At that Armitage made a vow to himself that, within a week, Will Musgrave would see his family ghost with his own eyes.

## THE FACTS

Mrs Alfred Baldwin (1845-1925) was born Louisa Macdonald, but took her husband's name when she married. All her ghost stories were first published in magazines, but some later appeared in a book called *The Shadow on the Blind* (1895).

Mrs Baldwin's other claim to fame is that she was the mother of Stanley Baldwin, who was British Prime Minister three times in the 1920s and 1930s.





The Moonlab technician has been listening to Earth radio. He has tried to understand certain words by visualising the object they seem to describe on his screens – but he hasn't got them quite right! Can you tell what the words are by looking at the pictures?

## CRATER DATA

**CRATER DATA**

There is a group of craters on the moon that become successively deeper. The first one is 7 metres deep, the second 13 metres, the third 24 metres and the fourth 45 metres deep. How deep is the fifth one?

## MISSING MOONBUGS

# MISSING MOONBUGS

Moonbugs have escaped  
in the lab and are hiding.  
How many of them  
can you find?



## CHEESE BITES

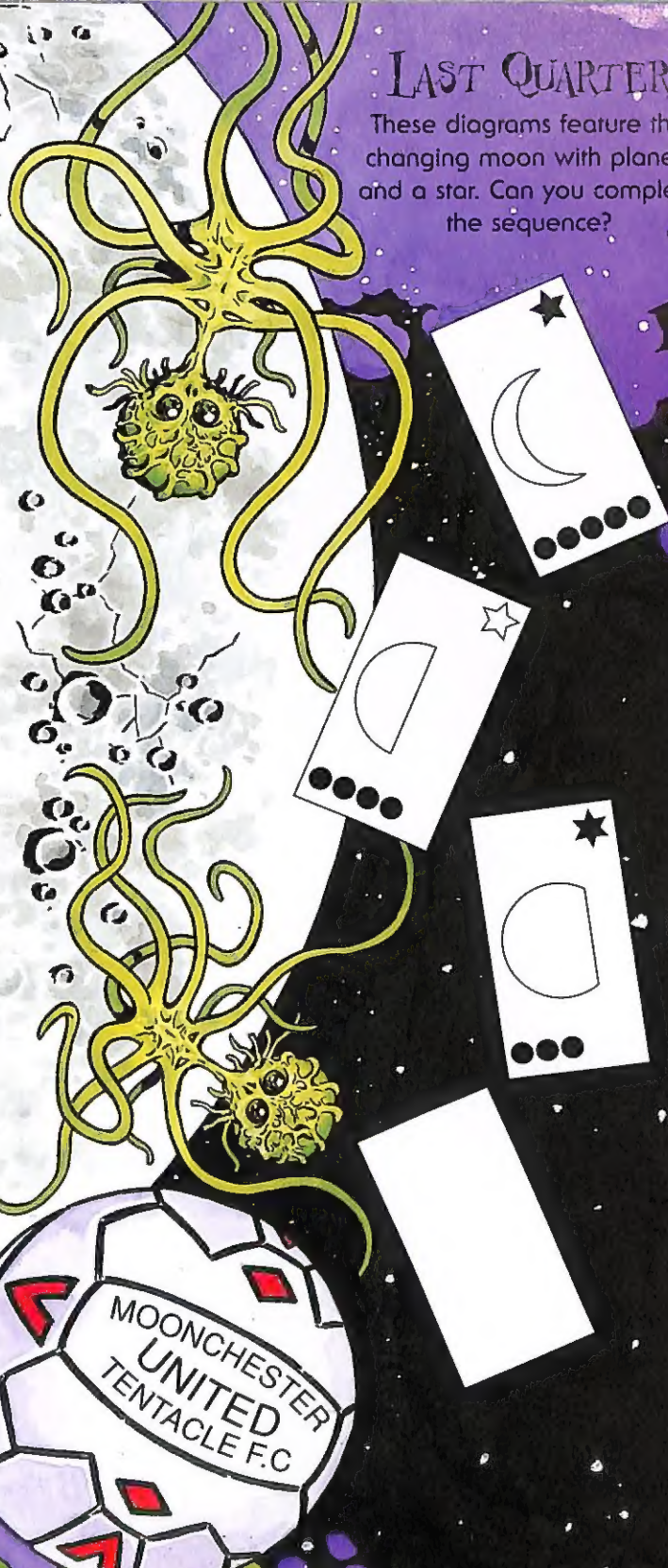
Everyone knows the moon is made of cheese. Below are names of different cheeses – see how they fit in the grid.

BRIE EDAM GRUYERE  
CAMEMBERT EMMENTHAL LEICESTER  
CHEDDAR FETA PARMESAN  
CHESHIRE GLOUCESTER ROULE  
COTTAGE GOAT'S CHEESE STILTON  
DANISH BLUE GORGONZOLA WENSLEYDALE  
DERBY GOUDA

B	E	U	L	B	H	S	I	N	A	D	E	F
N	S	L	C	Z	C	P	M	L	D	S	H	L
A	T	T	O	I	R	S	O	E	E	G	A	E
S	I	L	T	M	F	Z	R	E	R	H	T	L
E	L	C	T	X	N	B	H	E	T	E	G	A
M	T	E	A	O	Y	C	T	N	C	G	O	D
R	O	I	G	M	S	S	E	J	H	R	U	Y
A	N	R	E	T	E	M	A	D	E	U	D	E
P	O	B	A	C	M	M	V	X	S	Y	A	L
G	A	O	I	E	C	Y	B	Z	H	E	A	S
I	G	E	R	O	U	L	E	E	I	R	J	N
G	L	O	U	C	E	S	T	E	R	E	E	E
V	R	A	D	D	E	H	C	F	E	T	A	W

## LAST QUARTER

These diagrams feature the changing moon with planets and a star. Can you complete the sequence?



## FANTASTIC FACTS

The Moon's gravity is six times lower than Earth's. So if you kicked a football on the Moon it would go six times further than it would on Earth – and you would weigh six times less!



LAST QUARTER:  
A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

## ANSWERS

MOON WAVES: Aerial A is different because it is made up of 6 lines instead of 7

EARTH WORDS: horsefly, nutcase, kneecap, cartish, heartburn, brainstorm, handbag

MISSING MOONBUGS: There are 12 moonbugs

CRATER DATA: The fifth crater is 86 metres deep. Each depth is double the depth of the previous crater minus the number of the crater minus one: eg third crater =  $13 \times 2 - 2 = 24$ ; fourth crater =  $24 \times 2 - 3 = 45$

CHEESE BITES



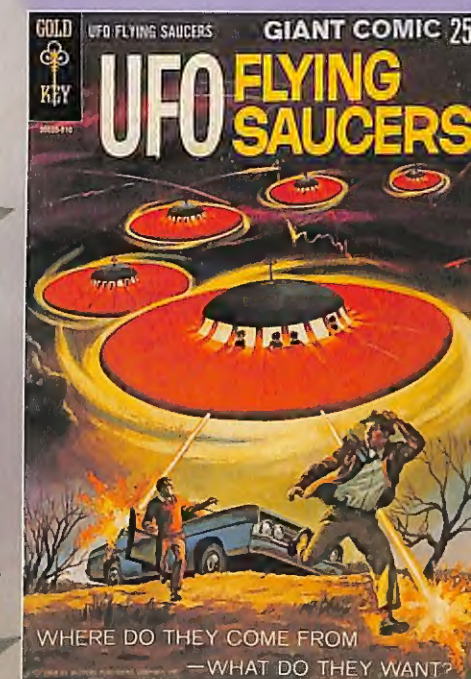
# MORE UFOs

There have been hundreds of reported UFO sightings since the first so-called 'flying saucer' was spotted in the 1940s. People who have seen UFOs often report similar things – does this mean that all UFOs are basically the same, or have people been influenced by other people's stories?

Sometimes lots of people claim to see exactly the same thing at the same time. In August 1972 at Taizé near Cluny in France, a group of about 35 people in an open-air theatre saw a bright light descend from the night sky. It produced beams of yellow light, then sent out three smaller disks. If a sighting has several witnesses, it may be more likely to have really happened. On the other hand, people may be convinced that something is real because the people around them seem to believe it.

## ▼ STREET LIGHTS OR ALIEN TRAIN?

These flying lights were photographed by a paper-boy in Montreal, Canada at 5.30am in August 1973.



## ▲ MEN FROM MARS?

Perhaps angry aliens really are behind the flying-saucer fleets that many people believe they have seen in the skies!

investigators found a rancher who also saw the lights. He recognised them as flights of plovers, whose white breasts sometimes reflect the lights of the cities they fly over.



## ◀ SUBURBAN STRIPE

This strange streak was caught on camera in December 1944 at Cranbrook, Kent. But this was during World War II, when there were many unusual things in the sky.



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